Tropico Interurban Sentinel

FREE AND FEARLESS

Devoted to the Interests of Tropico and the San Fernando Valley

VOL. II. TROPICO, CALIFORNIA, TUESDAY, APRIL 30, 1912 No. 10

Tropico Mercantile Co.

By doing the very best you are are capable of today, you develop the capacity to do better tomorrow.

BUTTER—If you like a sweet flavor butter made from rich sterilized cream, try our Imperial Brand.
A full lb. for 30c
Our Santa Anita Brand is a fresh creamery.
27c per lb.
Iris Baby Peas, per can.....15c
Rich S-C Milk, lare cans,
2 for 15c
BAKER'S COCOA, 1-lb. cancans, ...20c
BAKER'S COCOA, ½-lb. canisters 40c
Postum Cereal, per pkg.....20c
Fancy Bellefleur Apples, per lb. 5c
Per box, $1.40
(These are four-tier fruit)
Tomato Catsup, large bot...17c
Golden Egg Noodles,
2 pkgs. for 15c
Domestic Jellies.
4 glasses for 25c
POTATOES—We are always in a position to give you a little better value than can be found elsewhere. Our fancy Snowflake Brand are selling at $2.35 per 100 lbs. or 10 lbs. for 25c.
(Every sack reasonably sorted)

We invite prompt accounts and guarantee good and efficient service and quick delivery.

TROPICO MERCANTILE CO.
Cor. San Fernando Road and Central Avenue
Telephones
Glendale 19 Home 524

TRUSTEE'S MEETING

ACACIA AVENUE MUDDLE CONTINUED

CITY TO ACQUIRE AND MAINTAIN A PUBLIC LIBRARY

A HEALTH ORDINANCE OFFERED

J. L. FISHBACK, STREET SUPERINTENDENT

JONAS W. GOULD CITY MARSHAL AND NIGHT WATCHMAN

At the regular meeting of the board of trustees of the city of Tropico, Thrusday, April 25, all the members and officers were present.

Minutes of last regular meeting read and approved as read.

The petition of parties owning frontage on Acacia avenue for the abandonment of pending proceedings for the improvement of the street and for starting new proceedings to include side-walking of the street in its entire length from Brand boulevard to Adams street came up for consideration.

The granting of the petition was approved by Mr. Turck and a communication from Mr. J. D. Botts asking that his name be withdrawn from the petition was read.

It was stated that if this petition was granted it would be to return to the proceedings originally instituted and abandoned for this. It had the appearance of trifling at the city's cost.

In the opinion of the City Attorney the petition was defective in that none of its signers were precluded by it from again protesting out the proposed work and asking for something else.

On motion of Mr. Oliver, seconded by Mr. Webster, City Attorney Baker was instructed to prepare a formal petition for circulation among the frontage owners of Acacia avenue mentioning specifically the improvements wanted in such plain terms as to forestall the dodging of any part of it.

On motion of Mr. Hobbs, seconded by Mr. Oliver, City Clerk Street to procure necessary stationery for card system of keeping his accounts.

On motion of Mr. Hobbs, seconded by Mr. Conrad, the Public Works Committee authorized to arrange space in the room adjacent to the City Hall for City Recorders' Court Room. Specifications for the City advertising submitted by Mr. Oliver, and City Clerk directed to advertise for bids for same.

At the request of Mr. T. A. Alspach City Engineer Lynch was instructed to have frontage owners present a formal petition for the improvement wanted and to prepare a resolution of intention accordingly.

Mr. Webster called the attention of the Board to the importance of having a public library for the city, properly supported and operated. The ladies of the city had given the matter a great deal of time and hard work and he believed it was now time for the city to go to their assistance.

On motion of Mr. Hobbs, seconded by Webster, City Attorney Baker was instructed to prepare an ordinance ordaining that the city acquire, maintain and operate a public library in co-operation with the county free library system.

An ordinance creating the offices of health officer of the city of Tropico, and providing for the appointment and compensation of such offices and prescribing his duties; and making regulations in regard to infectious diseases and fixing the penalty for violation thereof read a first time.

Mr. Webster, appointed by the board to attend the meeting of the Los Angeles Council's Water Committee last Wednesday night reported no definite or conclusive results. The council's committee were apparently seeking to find what communities want water, and if the committes wanting water, were willing to become a part of the city of Los Angeles and be served with it the same as other inhabitants of the city. Otherwise, it was more clear there were serious difficulties in the way of their getting it at all.

The city would never part with a permanent right in the water whatever. Every community would be required to furnish and pay for its own distributing system, including its proportion of the cost of the principal mains and as well, if they become a part of the city, of the cost of the aqueduct.

On motion it was ordered that the members of the board and city attorney attend the meeting of the Water Comimttee of the Council in a body.

A resolution appointing J. L. Fishback superintendent and fixing his salary at $50 was adopted.

On motion of Mr. Conrad, Jonas W. Gould was appointed City Marshal and night watchman at a salary of $35 per month.

The circulation of the majority of the taxpayers of the city on the last assessment roll, for an ordinance calling an election for a $20,000 issue of electric lighting bonds was authorized.

JAMES MARION SPEAR JOINS THE SILENT MAJORITY

On his way to his home in Tropico, from Imperial Valley, Mr. James Marion Spear was taken from a Southern Pacific car, upon which journeying, at Palm Springs, violently ill. Obtaining temporary relief he came on to Los Angeles and was taken to Clara Barton hospital, where he died from the shock of a surgical operation he was compelled to undergo, on Wednesday, April 22.

Mr. Spear was born in the State of Mississippi, September 19, 1845, removing to Texas and settling on a farm near Texarkana while yet in his boyhood, and where he resided until coming to California several years ago.

Mr. Spear was in the Confederate army, saw service under General Price, and was with him in his celebrated raid into Missouri.

He was twice married; five of his children by his first wife and eight by his second survive him. Of the five, J. D. Spear, a physician, resides at Dayton, near Houston, Texas, and Scott Spear, a farmer, resides at Imperial. Of the eight, Frank M. Spear, Tropico, Homer and Basil Spear reside at Imperial, Cal. Residing with his surviving wife and their mother, Mrs. Ellen A. Spear, here in Tropico, are Ludie, Ples, Crawford, Douglas and Maggie. The other children are scattered in various parts of the country. Dr. J. D. Spear, the son residing at Dayton, Texas, was present at the funeral. Services at the late home of the deceased were conducted by Rev. Carnes. Interment at Forest Lawn. A brother of deceased, J. Montgomery Spear, also resides in Tropico.

Mr. Spear was a very worthy man and a highly respected citizen.

CARD OF THANKS

Mrs. Ellen A. Spear, the widow of the late James Marion Spear and her family desire to return their neighbors and friends of Tropico their sincere thanks for the kindnesses and tokens of sympathy in their bereavement.

CARD OF THANKS

Tropico, Cal., Apr. 28, 1912.

We wish to thank our many friends in this vicinity for their help any sympathy in the sad hour of our loss of Mother.

Mr. and Mrs. E. V. Moore.

SOCIETY

Miss Ruby Borthick gave a miscellaneous shower last week complimentary to Miss May Fanset at her home on West Seventh street. The rooms were prettily decorated for the affair with a profusion of roses, ferns and smilax. About twenty guests were present.

Miss Leta McCoy was tendered a surprise party at her home Monday evening by a company of about fifty of her young friends. The surprisers furnished the following pleasing programme: Duet, Miss George Duffet and Owen Emery; piano solo, Sol Rehart; solo, Leo Goode; piano solo, Miss Emma Pulliam; solo, Owen Emery; piano solo, Miss Marjorie Duncan.

The Glen Eyrie Chapter, O. E. S., held a very enjoyable meeting Thursday evening at the Masonic Temple, Glendale. A short address on the early Indian music was given by Clarence Krinbill, and vocal solos were rendered by Owen Emery. Several interesting contests were held in which Mrs. John Hobbs and Miss Hazel Carr were winners. Refreshments were served.

The friends of John Fishel are pleased to learn of his joining the benedict ranks. He was married last Sunday morning, in Santa Barbara, to Miss Ida May Hopkins, and immediately after the wedding breakfast was served they came south to pay their respects to their relatives and friends. Their stay will be short, as Mr. Fishel is interested in a business near Santa Barbara which demands his attention.

Mrs. Hartwig, assisted by Mrs. Friedgen, on Park avenue, entertained a number of little maidens Tuesday afternoon in honor of her little daughter's tenth birthday. The hours from 2 o'clock to 5 p. m. were hours of bliss to the participants, for games of many kinds were introduced and enjoyed until the crowning feature of the occasion was presented in the shape of toothsome dainties that are especially pleasing to the young. Little Miss Helen Hartwig, the honoree of the party, exerted herself to make the day a pleasant one to her many friends bidden to the feast, and the evidence of the pleasure enjoyed proved conclusively that her efforts were not in vain. Those who were privileged to assist in making the little maiden's birthday a very happy one were Helen Hartwig, Dorothy Carmack, Frances Musser, Verna Graser, Susie Kohl, Mary Logan, Marion Richardson, Gladys Garder, Ethelyn Ballantyne, Pearl Adair, Ruby Stone, Lena Ashton, Lila Webster, Virginia Chappius, Helen Searle, Regina Strasser, Jeanette Seaman, Leola Webster, Nadine Noble and Leona Webster.

Mr. W. A. Chapman, new proprietor of the Tropico Meat Market, has purchased the Elfgin Swiss chalet on El Bonito street and will make of the charming place his future home.

Ashton's display of cakes, pies and confections in the big window of Davis' Grocery Store on Saturday lts was a marvel of beauty and elegance. The piece de resistance was an elaborately adorned pyramid cake, a suitable centerpiese for Tropico's proposed peace banquuet.

Miss Margaret Dixon, and Messrs. Jeptha Rhodes and William Weiblitz were Sunday guests of Miss Mannie Dixon, 116 Main St., Ocean Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Burton, recently married, have taken apartments and are cozily at home over the Tropico Bank.

DOINGS OF THE BOY SCOUTS

The Tropico Boy Scouts met at their headquarters in the M. E. Church on the evening of April 26th. Among the interesting features of the evening was a discussion of the history of the flag, com. review of the scout oath, which is as follows:

On my honor I will do my best.

1. To do my duty to God and my country and to obey the Scout law.
2. To help all people at all times.
3. To keep myself physically strong, mentally awake and morally straight.

The Boy Scout examination was conducted by Commander Jay Goodsell, assisted by G. F. Latter.

The high standing of the boys in the examination showed they had studied hard, for a boy scout is expected to know a great many useful things.

The motto of the Boy Scouts is "Be Prepared," and the badge of the Boy Scouts is a copyrighted design with the motto "Be Prepared" on a scroll at its base.

The motto "Be Prepared" means that the scout is always in a state of readiness in mind and body to do his duty. To be prepared in mind by having disciplined himself to be obedient and also by having thought out beforehand any accident or situation that may occur, so that he may know the right thing to do at the moment and be willing to do it.

To be prepared in body by making himself strong and active and able to do the right thing at the right moment. And then do it.

The Scout badge and what it means will be discussed at meetings some evening in the future.

The twelve points of the Scout law are:

A scout is trustworthy—a scout is obedient.

A scout is loyal; a scout is cheerful.

A scout is helpful; a scout is thrifty.

A scout is friendly; a scout is brave.

A scout is courteous; a scout is clean.

A scout is kind; a scout is reverent.

A Boy Scout is reverent toward God. He is faithful in his religious duties and respects the convictions and religion.

The most important scout virtue is that of honor. Indeed, this is the basis of all scout virtues and is closely allied to that of self-respect.

When a scout promises to do a right thing on his honor, he is bound to do it.

The honor of a scout is a sacred thing and cannot be lightly set aside or trampled on.

Saturday, April 27th, accompanied by their commander, the scouts hiked to the Tropico hills to experiment with the Heliograph play games and cooked their dinner in the open air under the trees and by the large quantities of food devoured they must be excellent cooks.

Points were won in the games and the boys seemed well pleased.

Harold Latter won the most points.

No one can doubt that with such training added to his native gifts these boys will in the near future as men be efficient leaders in the paths of civilization and peace. Meeting will be held every other Friday evening.

HAROLD F. BENNER,
Secretary.

Lawn Mowers and Cultivaiors

Frank B. McKenney & Son

Sunset 521-J

217 S. San Fernando Rd.

TROPICO MARKET

Under New Management

W. A. CHAPMAN, Proprietor

No. 222 S. San Fernando Road TROPICO, CAL.

Our Meat Brought to us by Auto From Los Angeles

Morning Delivery, 8:30---10:30

Afternoon Delivery, 2:30---4:30

TRY OUR HOME MADE SAUSAGE

Home Phone 523 Sunset Glendale 291

I AM MAKING IMPROVEMENTS IN MY EQUIPMENT AND ADDITIONS TO STOCK TO COVER YOUR PARTICULAR NEEDS

I am making a specialty of my Stationery Department and will have it as nearly complete as the demand will justify.

Of course, you know I have a fine line of Cigars and Candies and that the Popular Drinks and best of Ice Cream are served at our fountain.

Tropico Has and Deserves a Good Drug Store.
A Good Drug Store Deserves Tropico Trade.

COME IN AND GET ACQUAINTED;
WE'LL BE NEIGHBORS A LONG TIME.

G. C. BAKER

Druggist
TROPICO PHARMACY

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

TO ADVERTISERS

This paper goes to press Monday afternoon. Advertisements should be filed early.

Do we ever stop to ask ourselves if our work is sense or nonsense?

Tropico's new registration since January 1, is 950, in time for the presidential primary.

Ruskin tells us that wise work is mainly three fold in its character: Honest, useful and cheerful.

F. R. Jones attended the annual reunion of the I. O. O. F. at Long Beach on Friday of last week.

Presidential primary May 14. Neither of the presidential candidates have a club organization in Tropico.

Mrs. C. D. Nicholson of Lancaster, Cal., was the guest last week of Mr. and Mrs. Nicholson, 327 Acacia avenue.

C. C. Rittenhouse, Jr., has gone on a vacation of several months to Salt Lake City. Mr. Rittenhouse has a brother living there.

Dr. J. D. Spear, if Dayton, Texas, in attendance at the funeral of his father, the late J. Marion Spear, will remain a few days in Tropico.

Elder Ballantyne of the Tropico Presbyterian Church has been appointed lay delegate to the General Assembly.

C. E. Nicholson, 327 Acacia Avenue, is superintending the construction of a tennis court at the palatial home of L. Lindsay on West Adams St., Los Angeles.

V. E. Rhymer, in the employ of the Tile Factory in the capacity of engineer, has rooms at Hotel Tropico. Mr. Rhymer hails from Oklahoma.

Judge Melrose had his first case as City Recorder last week. Two boys were before him for stoning a Japanese laborer on Park avenue. They were let off with a good scolding and a fine of $5.00 each with "leave of absence" till paid.

The Tropico Tile Factory is constructing a number of additional kilns of enormous capacity for burning and vitrifying clay pipe. The force of men and women in the factory's employ has assumed large proportions and is increasing daily.

When you have that feeling that you want something and don't know what it is, go to the Davis Grocery Company and look over Ashton's pastry and you will find it. Made by J. R. Ashton, Glendale and Cypress Sts.

Mrs. Emma Sullivan and her son, Raymond, are "newcomers" to Southern California from Atlanta, Ga. They have acquired a home place on Gardena Avenue in Tropico. Raymond has a position as stock clerk in one of the large mercantile houses of Los Angeles.

Wayne V. Frank, treasurer of Tropico's lodge of the Fraternal Brotherhood attended the annual business meeting of the treasurers of the order, in Southern California, at Los Angeles on Saturday last. The meeting was banqueted at Hotel Lankershim by the Supreme Lodge of the order in the evening.

The leap year dance by the lady members of the Lodge of the Fraternal Brotherhood of Tropico last Friday night was a grand, glorious and peculiar success. Why? Because the ladies under the direction of Miss May Flanders, chairman, were mistresses of ceremonies and paid the bills. Boys, look out for your laurels.

Miss Grace Nicholson, 327 Acacia avenue, entertained at luncheon Wednesday evening, April 24, in honor of Mrs. Rose Moore, formerly of Tropico, now of Anaheim, Cal. Guests of the occasion were Messrs Harry Schaeffer, W. Chandler, W. Wibelitz, Clyde St. Clair, the Misses Luella Schaeffer, Dorotha Leach, Mrs. Anna Mattocks, Mrs. St. Clair and Mrs. Nicholson.

The talk of Mr. Petty, teacher of the boys' class of the Los Angeles Y. M. C. A., to the Baraca class at the Presbyterian church Sunday night, was "good stuff" and "hot" too—as from an ardent heart of a boy in the service of the Master, with all the vigor of young manhood. Harry Marple, the president of the class, led the services. Mrs. Petty sang very sweetly the beautiful solo, A Little Bit of Love.

It is the determination of some people to be unhappy. How is it with you?

Mr. E. V. Moore and family have removed to their former home in Anaheim.

The West Glandale Water Company has forfeited its right to do business, for non-payment of State taxes.

Free trial package of Conkey's Lice Powder and Big 80-page Poultry Book for one week only at Davis Grocery Co.

No trouble to give Conkey's Roup Remedy. Just a pinch in drinking water. The fowls take their own medicine. For sale by Davis Grocery Co.

Visor Lodge No. 293, K. of P. of Tropico, will give another of its popular dances in K. of P. Hall, Thursday evening, May 2, 1912. Admission three-quarters of a dollar.

Miss Maud Burch of No. 219 Cerritos Ave., met with a very painful accident while in Los Angeles last Saturday. She stepped on a banana peel and the result was a very bad sprain of the right ankle.

Mrs. Louis Wagner has returned to the home of her mother, Mrs. N. C. Burch, 219 Cerritos Ave. Mrs. Wagner will remain here for several weeks before returning to her former home in Denver, Colo.

The new board of trustees has completed its organization and made a splendid start on the work in hand. Messrs. Oliver and Conrad are fitting into their positions nicely.

The Pacific Telephone & Telegraph company has its big drums of wire distributed in several parts of the city. The stringing of it will not be made before franchise question is settled.

A public library in sight at last. The unanimity and promptness with which each and every member of the board of trustees came to the support of the proposition betokens its success.

Guests of honor at the Peace Pact Banquet should be seated in pairs from made up of from one from each side of the beligerent factions. We are tempted to name them, but forbear for the present.

Mrs. McWhorter recently returned from a delightful visit with her son, Eldon, at Fresno. Eldon McWhorter is one of Tropico's school boys of a few years ago; now one of California's prosperous business men.

Most disease comes from germs. Kill the germs and you kill disease Conkey's Nox-i-cide mixes with water and kills the germs. For poultrymen, stockmen and housekeepers. Guaranteed by Davis Grocery Co.

One dollar a year is the subscription price of a weekly newspaper, practically the country over. A price that leaves no self-respecting member of the community in which it circulates with an excuse for being without it.

Conkey's Stock Remedies are not foods, but medicine—a separate remedy for each disease—made by the same people that make Conkey's Poultry Remedies. Sold on money-back guarantee by Davis Grocery Co.

The Eastside is coming into its own. East Acacia and Moore avenues have been put in line of improvement and we look to see values go up and residences multiply rapidly over there now. And why not? It is the coziest nook of Tropico.

Owing to insufficiency of notice, the attendance at the meeting called for the organization of a Roosevelt club, last Wednesday night, was slim and no club was organized. No "club" needed in Tropico for that matter. All are progressive anyway.

The electric lighting proposition is again infused with life and energy under the auspices of the High Joint Peace Commission. By the way, what has become of the proposition for a grand ratification meeting and banquet with our friends Hobbs and Watson as general managers.

Is the face of the white-haired old mother bright with joyousness as she meets her home-coming boy at the close of the day's work? Or is it down-cast and sad? No words of speech would plainer tell the manner of man that boy has the promise of making than that dear old face expresses.

Shoe-shining parlors at 112 San Fernando road. Fread Spear, proprietor.

2 Tropico A 22 P .... H,l ....

Judge Melrose will have his office and hold his court in the City Hall from this on, both as City Recorder and Township Justice.

The NEWS started out several years ago with the slogan "A Greater Glendale," and our ambition is almost satisfied. But if there are any outsiders not too remote, who want to come and try housekeeping with us, let them come in. Brother Burch, did you a knock?—Glendale NEWS.

Glad to hear of the happy termination of your long and feverish dream of greatness, Brother Sherer. Yes, we knocked, but softly, and not with the intention of disturbing the peace and quiet of your sanctum, and awakening there an ambition for further aggrandizement. Sleep on, Brother, and dream on, undisturbed in the satisfaction that wraps your soul. Our knock was that of a friedly caller and not of a scheming enemy to your peace and happiness. May you live long and prosper. In other words "rest on your laurels."

Premature Jubilancy.

Willy—I found mother the other day crying over your book of poems.

His Sister's Fiance (delighted)—Oh, is that so? (Aside) Ah, what glory! What fame awaits me! For a man to bring tears to the eyes of such a flint hearted woman as that is certainly a great achievement. (To Willy) She was really weeping, Willy?

Willy—Yes; she said it nearly broke her heart to think that a daughter of hers was going to marry an idiot who could write such rot as that.—London Tit-Bits.

The Alert Wife.

"I've had a terrible day at the office, and I'm mad clear through," announced the husband, coming home.

"Now would be a good time to beat the rugs," replied the wife.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Same Old Story.

"Can't you contribute something for our charity bazaar?"

"But the affair has been over two weeks."

"Yes; we're making up the deficit now."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Ought to Work Both Ways.

"But you will have to be identified, madam, before we can cash your check."

"I don't see why. I didn't have to be identified when I deposited the money here."—Chicago Tribune.

New Yorkers Pay Fortune For Fights.

During five months New York state fight fans has paid $355,468.70 to see boxing bouts. From this sum the state treasury has been enriched $17,770.

About 2,000 boxers have earned money under the operation of the Frawley law. About 1,500 club attaches are regularly employed under the Frawley law supervision of boxing.

Since Sept. 1 last 627 boxing shows, or more than 3,000 bouts, have been conducted in this state.

There are fifty-three regularly licensed boxing clubs in the state, thirty-four of which are in Greater New York.

Seventy-five World's Records Made.

Counting odd distance events, nearly seventy-five world's records in all lines of sport were established during 1911. It affords a striking proof of the growing love for the great outdoor activities and appreciation of the pleasures of physical exercise.

Minnesota to Meet Penn State.

University of Minnesota's football squad will meet the Pennsylvania state team in Minneapolis next fall, it has been announced, in one of the two games with eastern teams for which the Minnesota athletic authorities are planning.

A Queer Remedy.

Francis Grose, whose work on the popular superstitions of the day was compiled in the year 1787, says: "The peasants of Suffolk have a simple and never failing cure for ague. It is this: Write the word 'abacadabara' in form as shown below, place it in a nutshell and wear the same about the neck." The form is here given:

A B A C A D A B A R A
B A C A D A B A R
A C A D A B A
C A D A B
A D A
D

It would be interesting to know in how many different ways in this arrangement of letters the word may be spelled.

Where Latin Is Still Spoken.

In the central part of the Balkans, far up in the mountains between Bulgaria, Servia and Turkey, there is a community of mountaineers among whom strangers seldom go. During the ascendancy of the Roman empire a Roman colony was founded here and then forgotten on account of its remoteness. For the reason that the descendants of those ancient colonists have never mixed with the people about them they retain their original characteristics, even to the language. In several villages the Latin that the peasants speak is so plain that students of classic authors can understand them.

The Number Forty In the Bible.

The rain that produced the flood fell for forty days and forty nights, and after it ceased it was forty days before Noah opened the ark. Moses was forty days on the mountain fasting, and the spies spent forty days investigating matters in Canaan before making their report. Elijah fasted forty days in the wilderness, and Jonah gave the people of Nineveh forty days in which to repent. The forty days' fast of Jesus is known to all readers of the New Testament.

The Servant Problem.

"What has been the greatest difficulty with which you have had to contend, Mrs. Kinder, in your struggle with the servant girl problem?"

"Preventing the good ones getting married."

Nothing to Do but Live.

The Friendly islands of the south seas are described as an earthly Eden. The natives have nothing to do but catch fish, gather fruit, sing songs and grow fat. The women are very beautiful, but a trifle heavy, weighing between 250 and 400 pounds. When a white man goes there to live he has to deposit $50 with the government. If he lives a decent life this money is returned to him at the end of two years. If he makes trouble the money is confiscated and he is deported.

Her Declaration.

Customs Inspector—Have you anything to declare? The Bride (blushing)—Only that I still love George!

MARQUIS ELLIS

The Most Efficient Voice Instructor in Southern California

NEW ALCAZAR THEATRE
S. W. Cor. Sutter and Steiner Streets,
San Francisco, Cal., Nov. 20, 1911.

Mr. Marquis Ellis,
Los Angeles, Cal.

My Dear Ellis:

Put me among your notes as saying that Frederic Belasco of the Alcazar Theatre, San Francisco, says he regrets that you are not living here in San Francisco, otherwise you would have charge of the vocal music at his theater, as your work has been always satisfactory.

With best wishes, I remain,
Yours,
Fred Belasco.

Tenor, Voice Placer and Director
608-9 Majestic Theater Bld'g
Voices Tested Free
Phone, Broadway 3526

SUNSET 201-J HOME 334

Pulliam Undertaking Co.

FUNERAL DIRECTORS AND EMBALMERS
Lady Assistant
Call us for Auto Ambulance Service for Sick and Injured
919-921 WEST FOURTH STREET, GLENDALE, CAL.

Our automobile always at the service of relatives of deceased going to and from Undertaking Parlors and Cemetery and arranging for funeral, etc.

Tropico Sanitary Dairy

MORGAN & MAXWELL, Props. Phone 14-J

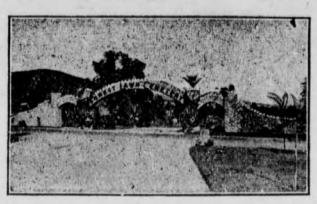
We wish to announce to the people of the valley that we furnish milk which is PERSONALLY handled according to the rigid requirements of the Los Angeles Board of Health. Our dairy is in your midst and we invite your personal inspection.

WATCH FOR SOUVENIR DAY

WE FURNISH OUR OWN POWER AND CLEAN ANYTHING LIKE CARPETS AND DRAPERIES WITHOUT REMOVING THEM FROM THE FLOOR OR WALLS

Glendale Carpet Cleaning Co.

Carpets, Rugs, Draperies, Upholstered Furniture, Etc.,
Carefully Cleaned by the Vacuum Process
BEN. H. NICHOLS, Proprietor
Phone, Sunset 499 Household Goods Packed
Office, 223 Adams Street Glendale, Cal.



Forest Lawn Cemetery

A Memorial Park under perpetual care nestling among the foothills of Tropico.

City Office
Trust and Savings Building
Los Angeles
Cemetery Office
Glendale & San Fernando Road
Tropico Both Phones

Office Phones: Home Glendale 674; Sunset Glendale 49

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A. J. NEIMEYER, Pres. and Treas H. L. McADAMS, Sec. and Mgr.

LUMBER, LATH, SASH, DOORS
Lime and Cement

Mill Work of All Kinds a Specialty

Careful Estimates Cheerfully Furnished
Yard and Mill. 1 Block North S. P. Depot

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Fresh and Salt Meats

Morning Delivery, 8:30; 10:30. Afternoon, 2:00; 4:30
GOOD MEATS AND PROMPT SERVICE
PRICES LOW AS ANY IN THE VALLEY
Sunset 291 TROPICO, CAL. Home 523

For the Most Reasonable and Artistc Styles of Landscape Gardening and Home Beautifying

ALSO INSTRUCTIONS ALONG SUCH LINES—CALL ON

W. A. RANGER

1166 Cypress St. TROPICO
Phones: Sunset, 497-J; and Sunset, 311-J.

Water Heaters and Boilers; Gas Irons; Gas Fixtures; Welsbach Lights and Supplies. Enamelware. New and Second Hand Stoves of all Descriptions

Tropico Stove and Light Co

E. L. Young, Prop.

201 So. San Fernando Road Sunset 292-J
We Repair Stoves and do all kinds of Gas and Water Pipe Fitting and Repairing. Work Guaranteed

To have repairs done right away,
Phone Sunset 292 Party J

UP-STAIRS TAILORING

The Making of Clothes is the main thing—not the selling of them. We make the Clothes—they Sell Themselves.

We put the work into them and our trade comes to us without the expensive store, the expensive fittings and the expensive advertising.

Our place of business we consider perfect for our purpose—light, convenient and inexpensive. Our customers like it; it is so satisfactory.

We Carry a Fine Line of Woolens
Suits $20.00 to $40.00

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THE WAY OF A MAN

By EMERSON HOUGH

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(Continued from last week)

In such a chase speed and courage of one's horse are the main essentials. My horse was able to lay me alongside my game within a few hundred yards. I coursed close to a big black bull and, obeying injunctions old Auberry had often given me, did not touch the trigger until I found I was holding well forward and rather low. I could scarcely hear the crack of the rifle, such was the noise of hoofs, but I saw the bull switch his tail and push on as though unhurt, in spite of the trickle of red that sprang on his flank. As I followed on, fumbling for a pistol at my holster, the bull suddenly turned, head down and tail stiffly erect, his mane bristling. My horse sprang aside, and the herd passed on. The old bull, his head lowered, presently stopped, deliberately eyeing us, and a moment later he deliberately lay down, presently sinking lower, and at length rolled over dead.

I found the great weight of the bull difficult to turn, but at length I hooked one horn into the ground, and, laying hold of the lower hind leg, I actually turned the carcass on its back.

"That's the first time I ever saw a bull die on his back," said Auberry.

"He did not die on his back," I replied. "I turned him over."

"You did—and alone? It's rarely a single man could do that, nor have I seen it done in all my life with so big a bull."

"The Indians don't bother to turn a bull over. They split the hide down the back and skin both ways. The best meat is on top anyhow," and then he gave me lessons in buffalo values, which later I remembered.

We had taken some meat from my bull, since I insisted upon it in spite of better beef from a young cow Auberry had killed not far above, when suddenly I heard the sound of a bugle, sharp and clear, and recognized the notes of the "recall."

"What's up?" inquired Auberry as we pulled up our galloping horses near the wagon line.

"Indians!" was the answer. "Fall in!"

We could all now see coming down from a little flattened coulee to the left a head of a line of mounted men, who doubtless had been the cause of the buffalo stampede which had crossed in front of us. The column of the tribesmen came on toward us fearlessly. They made a long calvacade, 200 horses or more, with many travaux and dogs trailing on behind. They were all clad in their native finery, seemingly hearty and well fed and each as arrogant as a king. They passed us contemptuously, with not a sidelong glance.

In advance of the head men who rode foremost in the column were three or four young women, bearing long lance shafts decorated with feathers and locks of human hair, the steel tips shining gray in the sun.

"Auberry," said Belknap, "we must go talk to these people and see what's up."

"They're Sioux," said Auberry. "But come on. They don't mean fight right now."

Belknap and Auberry took with them the sergeant and a dozen troopers. I pushed in with these and saw Orme at my side, and Belknap did not send us back. We four rode on together presently. Two or three hundred yards from the place where the Indians halted Auberry told Belknap to halt his men. We four, with one private to hold our horses, rode forward a hundred yards farther, halted and raised our hands in sign of peace. They rode out to us four of the head men of the Sioux, each a stalwart man.

"Talk to them, Auberry," said Belknap. And as the former was the only one of us who understood the Sioux tongue he acted as interpreter.

"What are the Sioux doing so far east?" he asked of their spokesman sternly.

"Hunting," answered the Sioux. "The white soldiers drive away our buffalo. The white men kill too many. Let them go. This is our country." It seemed to me I could see the black eyes of the Sioux boring straight through every one of us.

"Go back to the north and west, where you belong," said Auberry. "You have no business here on the wagon trails."

"The Sioux hunt where they please," was the grim answer. "But you see we have our women and children with us the same as you have"—and he pointed toward our camp.

"Where are you going?" asked our interpreter.

The Sioux waved his arm vaguely. "Heap hunt," he said. "Where you go?" he asked.

Auberry answered that we were going a half sleep to the west to meet a big war party coming down the Platte, the white men from Laramie. The Indian looked grave at this.

"We are going on up to meet our soldiers," said Auberry sternly. "The Sioux have killed some of our men below here. We shall meet our soldiers and come and wipe the Sioux off the land if they come into the valley where our great road runs west."

"That is good," said the Sioux. "As for us, we harm no white man. We hunt where we please. White men go!"

Auberry now turned to us. "I don't think they mean trouble, lieutenant," he said, "and I think the best thing we can do is to let them alone and go on up the valley."

Belknap nodded, and Auberry turned again to the four Sioux, who stood tall and motionless, looking at us with the same fixed, glittering eyes.

"We have spoken," said Auberry. "That is all we have to say."

Both parties turned and went back to their companions. Belknap, Auberry and I had nearly reached our

Orme's Arm Shot Out Straight, Tipped by a Blue Puff of Smoke.

waiting troopers when we missed Orme, and turned back to see where he was. He was standing close to the four chiefs, who had by this time reached their horses. Orme was leading by the bridle his own horse, which was slightly lame from a strain received in the hunt. We saw Orme making some sort of gestures, pointing to his horse and the others.

"Wonder if he wants to trade horses!" mused Auberry, chuckling. Then in the same breath he called: "Look out! Look!"

We all saw it. Orme's arm shot out straight, tipped by a blue puff of smoke, and we heard the crack of the dragoon pistol. One of the Sioux, the chief who by this time had mounted his horse, threw his hand against his chest and leaned slightly back, then straightened up slightly as he sat. As he fell, or before he fell, Orme pushed his body clear from the saddle and with a leap was in the dead man's place and riding swiftly toward us, leading his own horse by the rein.

It seemed that it was the Sioux who had kept faith after all, for none of the remaining three could find a weapon. Orme rode up laughing and unconcerned. "The beggar wouldn't trade with me at all," he said. "By Jove, I believe he'd have got me if he'd had any sort of tools for it."

"You broke treaty," ejaculated Belknap—"you broke the council word!"

"Did that man make the first break at you?" Auberry blazed at him.

"How can I tell?" answered Orme coolly. "It's as well to be a trifle ahead in such matters." He seemed utterly unconcerned. He could kill a man as lightly as a rabbit and think no more about it.

Within the instant the entire party of the Sioux was in confusion. We saw them running about, mounting, heard them shouting and wailing.

"It's fight now!" said Auberry. "Back to the wagons now and get your men ready, lieutenant. As soon as the Sioux can get shut of their women they'll come on, and come a boilin' too. You blanked fool!" he hissed to Orme. "You murdered that man!"

"What's that, my good fellow?" said Orme sharply. "Now, I advise you to keep a civil tongue in your head or I'll teach you some manners."

Even as we swung and rode back Auberry pushed alongside Orme, his rifle at ready. "Young man, if you want to teach me any manners begin it now! You make your break," he cried.

Belknap spurred in between them. "Here, you men," he commanded, with swift sternness, "into your places. I'm in command here, and I'll shoot the first man who raises a hand. Mr. Orme, take your place at the wagons. Auberry, keep with me. We'll have fighting enough without anything of this."

"He murdered that Sioux, lieutenant," reiterated Auberry.

"Dash it, sir, I know he did, but this is no time to argue about that. Look there!"

We saw the Sioux separate into two bands, the men remaining behind, riding back and forth, whooping and holding aloft their weapons. We heard the note of a dull war drum beating.

"They'll fight," said Auberry. "Look at 'em!"

"Here they come," said Belknap coolly. "Get down, men."

They came on, then swung out around us, their horse line rippling up over the broken ground apparently as easily as it had gone on the level floor of the valley.

"Tell us when to fire, Auberry," I heard Belknap say, for he had practically given over the situation to the old plainsman. At last I heard the voice of Auberry, changed from that of an old man into the quick, clear accents of youth, sounding hard and clear. "Ready now! Each fellow pick his own man and kill him. D'ye hear, kill him!"

Our troopers were armed with the worthless old Spencer carbines, and I doubt if these did much execution, but there were some good old Hawkin rifles and old big bored Yagers and more modern Sharps' rifles and other buffalo guns of one sort or another with us, among the plainsmen and teamsters, and when these spoke there came breaks in the flaunting line that sought to hedge us. The Sioux dropped behind their horses' bodies, firing as they rode, some with rifles, more with bows and arrows. Most of our work was done as they topped the rough ground close on our left, and we saw here a half dozen bodies lying limp, flat and ragged, though presently other riders came and dragged them away.

At a hundred yards their arrows fell extraordinarily close to the mark, and time and again they spiked our mules and horses with these hissing shafts that quivered where they struck. They came near breaking our rear in this way, for our men fell into confusion, the horses and mules plunging and trying to break away.

I was crowding a ball down my rifle with its hickory rod when I felt a shove at my arm and heard a voice at my ear. "Git out of the way, man! How can I see to shoot if you bob your head acrost my sights all the time?"

There stood old Mandy McGovern, her long brown rifle half raised. She was as cool as any man in the line and as deadly.

"Git in here, git in here, son!" I heard her cry. And to my wonder now I saw the long, lean figure of Andrew Jackson McGovern come forward, a carbine clutched in his hand, while from his mouth came some sort of eerie screech of incipient courage, which seemed to give wondrous comfort to his fierce dam. At about this moment one of the Sioux, mortally wounded by our fire, turned his horse and ran straight toward us hard as he could. He knew that he must die, and this was his way. Ah, those red men knew how to die! He got within forty yards, reeling and swaying, but still trying to fit an arrow to the string, and as none of us would fire on him now, seeing that he was dying, for a moment it looked as though he would ride directly into us and perhaps do some harm. Then I heard the boom of the boy's carbine, and almost at the instant, whether by accident or not I could not tell, I saw the red man drop out of the forks of his saddle and roll on the ground with his arms spread out.

Perhaps never was metamorphosis more complete than that which now took place. Shaking off detaining hands, Andrew Jackson sprang from our line, ran up to the fallen foe and in a frenzy of rage began to belabor and kick his body, winding up by catching him by the hair and actually dragging him some paces toward our firing line. Mandy called out as though he were a young dog at his first fight: "Whoopee! Git to him, boy, git to him! Take him, boy! Whoopee!"

We got Andrew Jackson back into the ranks. His mother took him by the hand, as though for the first time she recognized him as a man.

"Now, boy, that's somethin' like." She turned to me. "Some says it's in the paw," she remarked. "I reckon it's some in the maw an' a leetle in the trainin'."

Cut up badly by our fire, the Sioux scattered and hugged the shelter of the river bank, beyond which they rode along the sand or in the shallow water, scrambling up the bank after they had got out of fire. I looked about me now at the interior of our barricade. I saw Ellen Meriwether on her knees lifting the shoulders of a wounded man who lay back, his hair dropping from his forehead, now gone bluish gray. She pulled him to the shelter of a wagon, where there had been drawn four others of the wounded. I saw tears falling from her eyes—saw the same pity on her face which I had noted once before when a wounded creature lay in her hands. I had been proud of Mandy McGovern. I was proud of Ellen Meriwether now.

Almost as I had turned I felt a sudden jar, as though some one had taken a board and struck me over the head with all his might. Then as I slowly became aware my head was utterly and entirely detached from my body and went sailing off deliberately in front of me. I could see it going distinctly, and yet, oddly enough, I could also see a sudden change come on the face of the girl who was stooping before me and who at the moment raised her eyes.

"It is strange," thought I, "but my head, thus detached, is going to pass directly above her, right there!"

Then I ceased to take interest in anything and sank back into the arms of that from which we come, calmly taking hold of the hand of mystery.

CHAPTER X.

The Test.

I AWOKE, I knew not how much later, into a world which at first had a certain warm comfort and languid luxury about it. Then I felt a sharp wrenching and a great pain in my neck, to which it seemed my departed head had, after all, returned. I looked into the face of Auberry. He stood frowning, holding in his hand a feathered arrow shaft of willow, grooved along its sides to let the blood run free, sinew wrapped to hold its feathers tight—a typical arrow of the buffalo tribes. But, as I joined Auberry's gaze, I saw the arrow was headless. Dully I argued that, therefore, this head must be somewhere in my neck.

Ellen Meriwether sat on the sand, gently stroking my forehead.

"They have gone," said she. "We whipped them." Her hand again lightly pressed my forehead.

I heard someone else say, behind me, "But we have nothing in the world—not even opium."

"True," said another voice, which I recognized as that of Orme, "but that's his one chance."

"What do you know about surgery?" asked the first voice, which I knew now was Belknap's.

"More than most doctors," was the answer, with a laugh. Their voices grew less distinguishable, but presently I heard Orme say, "Yes, I'm game to do it, if the man says so." Then he came and stooped down beside me.

"Mr. Cowles," said he, "you're rather badly off. That arrow head ought to come out, but the risk of going after it is very great. I am willing to do what you say. If you decide that you would like me to operate for it, I will do so. It's only right for me to tell you that it lies very close to the carotid artery and that it will be an extraordinarily nice operation to get it out without—well, you know"—

I looked up into that strange face—the face of my enemy. I knew it was the face of a murderer, a man who would have no compunction at taking a human life. My mind then was strangely clear. I saw his glance at the girl. I saw, as clearly as though he had told me, that this man was as deeply in love with Ellen Meriwether as I myself; that he would win her if he could; that his chance was as good as mine, even if we were both at our best. I knew there was nothing at which he would hesitate, unless some strange freak in his nature might influence him. Remorse, mercy, pity, I knew did not exist for him. But with a flash it came to my mind that this was all the better, if he must now serve as my surgeon.

He looked into my eye, and I returned his gaze, scorning to ask him not to take advantage of me, now that I was fallen. His own eye changed. It asked of me, as though he spoke: "Are you, then, game to the core? Shall I admire you and give you another chance, or shall I kill you now?" I say that I saw, felt, read all this in his mind. I looked up into his face and said:

"You cannot kill me. I am not going to die. Go on. Soon, then."

A sort of sigh broke from his lips, as though he felt content. I do not think it was because he found his foe a worthy one. I do not think he considered me either as his foe or his friend or his patient. He was simply about to do something which would test his own nerve, his own resources, something which, if successful, would allow him to approve his own belief in himself. I said to myself that I would pay him if he brought me through—pay him in some way.

I heard them on the sand again, and I saw him come again and bend over me. All the instruments they could find had been a razor and a keen penknife; and all they could secure to stanch the blood was some water, nearly boiling. For forceps Orme had a pair of bullet molds, and these he cleansed as best he could by dipping them into the hot water.

"Cowles," he said, in a matter of fact voice, "I'm going after it. But now I tell you one thing frankly, it's life or death, and if you move your head it may mean death at once. That iron's lying against the big carotid artery. If it hasn't broken the artery wall there's a ghost of a chance we can get it out safely, in which case you would probably pull through. I've got to open the neck and reach in. I'll do it as fast as I can. Now, I'm not going to think of you, and, gad!—if you can help it—please don't think of me."

Ellen Meriwether still held my head in her lap.

"Are you game—can you do this, Miss Meriwether?" I heard Orme ask. I felt her hands press my head more tightly. I turned my face down and kissed her hand. "I will not move," I said.

I saw Orme's slender, naked wrist pass to my face and gently turn me into the position desired, with my face down and a little at one side, resting in her lap above her knees. Her skirt was already wet with the blood of the wound, and where my head lay it was damp with blood. Belknap took my hands and pulled them above my head, squatting beyond me. Unknown to the girl, I kissed the hem of her garment, and then I said a short appeal to the Mystery.

I felt the entrance of the knife or razor blade, felt keenly the pain when the edge lifted and stretched the skin tight before the tough hide of my neck parted smoothly in a long line. Then I felt something warm settle under my cheek as I lay, and I felt a low shiver, whether of my body or that of the girl who held me I could not tell, but her hands were steady. I felt about me an infinite kindness and carefulness and pitying—oh, then I learned that life, after all, is not wholly war—that there is such a thing as fellow suffering and loving kindness and a wish to aid others to survive in this hard fight of living. I knew that very well. But I did not gain it from the touch of my surgeon's hands.

The immediate pain of this long cutting which laid open my neck for some inches through the side muscles was less after the point of the blade went through and ceased to push forward. Deeper down I did not feel so much until finally a gentle searching movement produced a jar strangely large, something that grated and nearly sent all the world black again. I knew then that the knife was on the base of the arrow head; then I could feel it move softly and gently along the side of the arrow head. I could almost see it creep along in this delicate part of the work.

Then all at once I felt one hand removed from my neck. Orme, half rising from his stooping posture, but with the fingers of his left hand still at the

I Felt the Entrance of the Knife or Razor Blade.

wound, said: "Belknap, let go one of his hands. Just put your hand on this knife blade and feel that artery throb. Isn't it curious?"

I heard some muttered answer, but the grasp at my wrists did not relax.

"Oh, it's all right now," calmly went on Orme, again stooping. "I thought you might be interested."

I felt again a shiver run through the limbs of the girl. I felt Orme's fingers spreading widely the sides of the wound along the neck and the boring of the big headed bullet molds as they went down after a grip, their impact softened by the finger extended along the blade knife. The throbbing artery, whose location this man knew so well, was protected. Gently feeling down, the tips of the mold got their grip at last, and an instant later I felt release from a certain stiff pressure which I had experienced in my neck. Relief came, then a dizziness and much pain. A hand patted me twice on the back of the neck.

"All right, my man," said Orme. "All over and jolly well done, too, if I do say it myself."

Belknap put his arm about me and helped me to sit up. I saw Orme holding out the stained arrow head, long and thin, in his fingers.

"Would you like it?" he said.

"Yes," said I, grinning. "And I confess I have it now somewhere about my house.

A vast dizziness and a throbbing of the head remained after they were quite done with me, but something of this left me when finally I sat leaning back against the wagon body and looked about me. There were straight, motionless figures lying under the blankets in the shade, and under other blankets were men who writhed and moaned.

Again Ellen Meriwether came and sat by me. Her costume might have been taken from a collector's chest rather than a woman's wardrobe. All at once we seemed, all of us, to be blending with these surroundings, becoming savage as these other savages. It might almost have been a savage woman who came to me. Her skirt was short, made of white tanned antelope leather. Above it fell the ragged edges of a native tunic or shirt of yellow buck, ornamented with elk teeth, embroidered in stained quills. Her hair, now becoming yellower and more sunburned at the ends, was piled under her felt hat, and the modishness of long cylindrical curls was quite forgot. The brown of her cheeks, already strongly sunburned, showed in strange contrast to the snowy white of her neck, now exposed by the low neck aperture of the Indian tunic.

"You stand all this nobly," I commented presently.

"Ah, you men—I love you, you men!" She said it suddenly and with perfect sincerity. "I love you all—you are so strong, so full of the desire to live, to win. It is wonderful, wonderful! Just look at those poor boys there—some of them are dying, almost, but they don't whimper. It is wonderful."

"It is the plains," I said. "They have simply learned how little a thing is life."

"Yet it is sweet," she said.

"You were four different women," I mused, "and now you are another, quite another."

At this she frowned a bit and rose. "You are not to talk," she said, "nor think that you are well. I must see the others."

I lay back against the wagon bed, wondering in which garb she had been most beautiful—the filmy ball dress and the mocking mask, the gray gown and veil of the day after, the thin drapery of her hasty flight in the night, her half conventional costume of the day before—or this, the garb of some primeval woman. I knew I could never forget her again. The thought gave me pain, and perhaps this showed on my face, for my eyes followed her so that presently she turned and came back to me.

"Does the wound hurt you?" she asked. "Are you in pain?"

(Continued next week)

GENERAL NEWS EVENTS

Woman suffrage was defeated in the Arizona Senate.

The France, the new 27,000-ton French liner, has sailed from Havre on her maiden voyage to New York.

Mrs. E. C. Carter, who was lost on the Titanic, was a daughter of Thomas Hughes, author of "Tom Brown's School Days."

The Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company has filed with the Secretary of State at Trenton, N. J., a certificate increasing its capital stock from $1,622,500 to $10,000,000.

Vincent Astor, son of Colonel J. J. Astor, who lost his life in the Titanic disaster, has sent to Mayor Gaynor of New York a contribution of $10,000 for the destitute survivors of the ship.

When Magistrate Morris of Philadelphia told Mrs. Patrick Mackin that he would permit her to impose sentence on her husband, arrested for non-support, Mrs. Mackin quickly said, "Three months in the House of Correction."

The suggestion that Crown Prince Frederick William of Germany is going to the United States is conveyed in a paragraph in the London Times in recording a German deal in Welsh coal which is to be sent to Fayal in the Azores.

It has been learned that "Bud" Fisher, the cartoonist, has eloped with and married Pauline Welch, a vaudeville actress. News of the wedding came as a surprise to Fisher's friends. They have gone to Bermuda on a honeymoon trip, after notifying the bride's mother.

President Foster of Reed College, Portland's new educational institution which is being established on a big scale, has announced the names of six new faculty members, four of whom come from California universities or were formerly connected with those institutions.

The only section of the Pacific Northwest where Industrial Workers of the World activity is reported is along the line of the Canadian Northern Railway, where construction work is still tied up by the strike of 6000 laborers. Although a few station men have returned to work, a general resumption has not been attempted.

The House at Washington has passed the Henry bill requiring publication before conventions or primary elections of the sums contributed to the campaigns of Presidential and Vice-Presidential candidates and the sums expended. The measure met no opposition on its final vote. It carries a penalty of $5000 or three years' imprisonment.

The committee of the Grand Lodge of Free Masons of Scotland which has been investigating the admission of Jack Johnson, the negro prize fighter, into Forfar Lodge at Kincardine, has ordered that that body be suspended until November, 1915. The master of Forfar Lodge is ordered suspended for two years and each of the three past masters for one year.

The Turkish Government has replied to the offer of mediation by the powers in the hostilities with Italy by thanking them and accepting their offer as in the best interests of both belligerents. The acceptance, however, the Porte points out, must be conditional on the maintenance of the effective and integral sovereignty of Turkey in Tripoli and the evacuation of that country by the Italians.

One of the girl survivors of the Titanic, Miss Marion Wright of Somerset, England, was married in New York to Arthur Wolcott of Cottage Grove, Or. She came alone from her home in England to meet her fiance and he has been in New York for nearly a week, anxiously awaiting her arrival. The pair were schoolmates in England and became engaged before Mr. Wolcott left to become an Oregon fruit grower.

After a year's experiment, the suffragist colony at Brockholt Villa, the country place of Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont at East Meadowbrook, has withdrawn from competition with the farmers of Nassau county. Milking cows while wearing high-heel slippers or patent leather shoes may be all right from a feminine viewpoint, declare the farmers, but in practical and successful farming leather boots bring better results. Places in other walks of life have been found for the suffragists.

A narrow escape from being struck by a meteorite was experienced by the Leyland Line steamer Bostonian, which arrived in Boston from Manchester, England. Captain Perry reported he saw the meteorite, flashing brilliantly, falling to the southwest of the vessel. There was a hissing sound as it approached, and with a loud report it fell into the ocean a few ship's lengths from the Bostonian's bow. It caused so great a disturbance in the sea that water was dashed over the decks of the steamer.

The Dillingham immigration bill, with the education test restored in modified form, has passed the Senate. The test adopted requires that every male immigrant must read and write, and makes that provision applicable to immigrants from Canada and other countries of the western hemisphere who were exempted by the original bill. Religious refugees would be exempted. Senator Root's amendment to provide for the deportation of aliens conspiring to overthrow other governments was passed. The Chinese exclusion law is incorporated in the general bill. The immigrant head tax is increased from $4 to $5.

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Board meets every Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

TUESDAY, APRIL 30, 1912

OUT OF REACH

It cannot be said that the responses of San Fernando valley people to the invitation kindly extended them by the Water Committee of the City Council of Los Angeles, to call and communicate their Owens River water needs, have been either surprisingly enthusiastic or astonishingly vociferous.

There is probably not a community in proximity to Los Angeles that would not willingly be connected up with its Owens river water supply if the means of doing so were clearly within its reach.

Were it only a question of becoming a part of Los Angeles and of assuming a proportionate share of the city's bonded indebtedness, there would be little or no hesitation at affirmative action. But when it comes to putting on top of that the expenses of mains, branch mains and a local distributing system, the question assumes a magnitude that bids us pause.

Mr. Mulholland states that the cost of installing his proposed distributing system in this valley would be approximately $55 per acre which would include a system of laterals for both domestic use and irrigation purposes.

This is where the pinch really is. The attitude of Los Angeles is not alone, "no annexation, no water," but no annexation and, no money for a distributing system, no water.

Tropico has about 2,000 inhabitants; a territorial area of about 1,000 acres; an assessed valuation of about $850,000 and an unsatisfactory system of water distribution. It lies contiguous to the northeasterly limits of Los Angeles and within Engineer Mulholland's proposed Glendale Water District. Its distance from the proposed main for this district is near on the three miles. It requires but little figuring from this data to make it clear that a distributing system for Tropico connected up with the big city's mains for Owens river water, would be an expensive proposition.

As pointed out by Mr. Matthews, the attorney of the Public Service Commission, there are two courses of procedure for raising the money for meeting the expenses of these proposed mains and system of distribution. One is to organize the water district under the provisions of the amended Wright act; the other is to create of the territory to be benefited by the proposed improvement, an assessment district under the Vrooman act, which provides for assessments payable in cash or bonds that are a lien on the land or lots assessed for the improvement.

With its territorial area of about 1,000 acres, at the rate of $55 an acre, the cost to the city of Tropico of this improvement would amount to about $55,000.00.

We doubt if our city is able to stand it.

Now this does not necessarily put a quietus on the project of our becoming a part of Los Angeles; but, if we are correct in our understanding of Los Angeles' attitude in the matter, it wil operate as an effectual extinguisher of our aspirations for the use and benefit of Owens river water and power, and, as an incident, for becoming a part of Los Angeles.

We trust we will not be understood as criticising or condemning Los Angeles for its price on its surplus Owens river water, for we believe it is a just and reasonable price. In our opinion Tropico is not in a fix to pay it, and must get along with its supply from Verdugo Canon, with such improvements as are within its reach with the co-operation of Glendale.

A PUBLIC LIBRARY IN SIGHT

The measure proposed by Mr. Webster at the last meeting of the Tropico Board of Trustees, to acquire, maintain and operate a city public library is, without question, of the very first importance. Tropico's supply of library facilities are lamentably scant, though the ladies of the community have labored earnestly and long to make them better. They have all along realized that there is not a more potent aid to educational development and to raising the standard of living than a public library. But their efforts have been inadequately rewarded, though they have succeeded in getting together a very fair collection of books, and, as we understand, a suitable site for a library building, which, as we are informed, will be turned over to the city, to serve as a nucleus to center aid and assistance around and build to with gratifying results. Harmony of action and concentration of effort is all that is needed to bring success to a most worthy undertaking.

The press of the country is filled with the story of the Titanic, its loss at sea and incidents of marvelous heroism, the crowning climax of all which came from the ship's band of musicians in their hope-inspiring hymn of triumph over death and darkness, of Nearer My God to Thee. It was a fitting close to one of the most tragic incidents in human history and that is all that need be said of it. After all, the big Titanic was little, if any more than a big bauble of human vanity that has burst and vanished into nothingness, leaving only a fading memory of its glimmering glitter.

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FOR SALE—First class, up to date restaurant; long lease, a good business. Terms reasonable.

WANTED TO RENT—Immediately; furnished house of six rooms; three bedrooms; four in family. No young children; close to business section.

FOR RENT—Unfurnished six room house on Glendale Ave., Glendale; new and modern. Rent, $21.50, inclusive of water.

FOR RENT—Beautiful bungalow; unfurnished; new and nicely finished; close to carline in Tropico; only adults. Rent $25.00 per month.

FOR SALE—Six room house; new; finely finished; modern; gas and electricity. Price reasonable.

FOR SALE—A beautiful 4 room house and lot; flat iron; in Santa Paula; mortgage $400.00 Good location near High School. Easy terms.

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CRIMES AND CASUALTIES

Mrs. Harry Schotts of Oxnard, Cal., who has been ill for some time, read an account of the Titanic wreck in a newspaper and fell back dead.

The body of Mrs. M. U. Scuehler, said to have been a wealthy woman of St. Louis, Mo., was found in the ocean at Santa Monica. According to friends, Mrs. Scuehler was much affected by the accounts of the Titanic disaster, and it is believed that her mind gave way.

A runaway flat car, heavily loaded with rock from the Realty Syndicate's quarries near Beulah Park, crashed rear end into a crowded Oakland Traction street car on the California Railway line at Leona Heights, Oakland, injuring many. Failure to leave a switch open was responsible for the accident. The flat car was being loaded with rock when the man in charge of the car lost his balance and fell off. The car started on the down grade, gradually gaining momentum.

IMPORTANT FOREIGN NEWS

The squadron of Italian war ships which has been operating recently in the Aegean sea and near the entrance to the Dardanelles, has seized the Turkish island of Stampalia and has established its base there.

London society women are going to school once more, this time to acquire the art of public speaking. Let it be said at once that the movement has nothing to do with the campaign for the enfranchisement of women.

King George's appointment of an American as automobile expert at Buckingham Palace to instruct the young Princes and Princess Mary in the handling of the royal cars is deeply resented by British engineers.

Fez, the capital of Morocco, which had practically fallen into the hands of the rioters and mutinous Moorish soldiers, has been recaptured by the French troops, numbering 2000, stationed there, after a desperate battle, in which a large number were killed and wounded.

Counsel for Signorina Ganelli, the Milan young woman who lost her suit against Caruso, the tenor, has taken an appeal from the judgment. Counsel for Caruso has now entered a counter claim for $12,000, which it is claimed he spent for the young woman's trousseau, and also moral damages for defamation of character.

SAN FRANCISCO PRODUCE MARKET

Latest Conditions and Prices of Seasonable Products of California

FRUITS—Apples, per bx: Newtown Pippins, 4-tier, $1.25@1.40; do, 3½-tier, $1.40@1.50; do, 4½-tier, $1@1.10; No. 2, all varieties, 50@65c.

STRAWBERRIES—Longworths, per drawer, 75c@$1.25; large varieties 40@75c; crates, 75c@$2.25.

POTATOES—Per ctl: River Burbanks, $1.75@2; Salinas Burbanks, $2.25@2.75; Lompoc Burbanks, $2.25@$2.50; Early Rose, $1.90@2.25; Watsonville Burbanks, $2.25@2.50; Oregon Burbanks, $2@2.85; new Potatoes, per lb, 2½@3c; Sweet Potatoes, $2.75@3 per ctl.

VEGETABLES—Tomatoes, per bx $1.25@1.40; Garlic, 2@3c per lb; hothouse Cucumbers, per doz, 50c@$1; Egg Plant, per lb, 7@8c; String Beans per lb, hothouse, 35@40c; Green Peas, per lb, Southern, 3@4c; do, Bay, 3½c @5½c; Peppers, per lb, Bell, 15@20c; do, Chile, 10@20c; Carrots, per sk 40@60c; Celery, per crate, $2.50@3.50; Lettuce, per crate, 75c@$1; Rhubarb per bx, 65c@$1; Mushrooms, per bx 75c@$1.25; Asparagus, per bx, $1.25@ $1.75; Cauliflower, 50@60c per doz.

ONIONS—Yellow, per ctl: California, nominal; Oregon, $4.75@5; Green Onions, 50@75c per bx.

HAY—Per ton: Fancy Wheat, $18.50@20; No. 1 Wheat or Wheat and Oat, $16@18; No. 2 Wheat or Wheat and Oat, $15.50@16; Choice Tame Oat $17@18; other Tame Oat, $12.50@ $16.50; Wild Oat, $12.50@15.50; Stock Hay, $10.50@11.50; Alfalfa, $12@15.

FEED—Mixed Feed, per ton, $25@ $27; Calfalfa Meal, jobbing, per ton $20.50; carload lots, $19.50; Shorts per ton, $28@29; Rolled Oats, $41@42; Modesto Alfalfa Meal, $19.50 per ton car lots; jobbing, $20.50; Mealfalfa per ton, carload lots, $19.50; jobbing $20.50. Oilcake Meal—Mill rates, in 20-ton lots, $42 per ton; 10-ton lots $42.50; 5-ton lots, $43; small quantities, $43.50. Prices are subject to change without notice. Straw, per bale, 50@75c; Middlings, per ton, $33 @$35; Bran, per ton, $27@28.50; Rolled Barley, per ton $38.50@40; Cracked Corn, choice stock, per ton, $43@43.50; Feed Corn Meal, choice grades, per ton, $43@43.50; Cocoanut Cake, in lots of 20 and 10 tons, $26; 5 tons, $26.50; less quantities, $27. Prices are net cash, mill rates, and are subject to change without notice.

POULTRY—Per doz: Hens, small, $4.50@5.50; do, large, $6@8; do, extras. $9@11; old Roosters. $4@4.50; young Roosters, $9@10; do, full grown, $10@12; Fryers, $7@8.50; Broilers, large, $4@4.50; do, medium, $3@3.50; do, medium, $3@3.50; do, small, $2.50 @$3; Ducks, old, $5@6; do, young, $7 @$9; Pigeons, old, $1.50@2; do, young, $2@2.25; do, Squabs, $2@3; Geese, per pr, $2@3; Turkeys, per lb, nominal.

GAME—Nominal.

DAIRY PRODUCE.—Butter, 24c; Eggs, 21c.

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ESTRAY NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that I have taken up an estrayed monkey whose description is as follows: Reddish-grey, short-tailed, female monkey, with red collar; found on Park Ave., Wednesday, April 17, 1912. J. W. Gould, 527 W. Cypress St.

FOR SALE—Rhode Island Red and Ancona hens. Rhode I. R. and White Orpington chicks with the hen. Eggs for hatching. 315 W. Cypress Ave., Tropico, Calif.
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